MUTINY

A PAPER OF ANARCHISTIC IDEAS & ACTIONS

NUMBER 6 SEPTEMBER 2006

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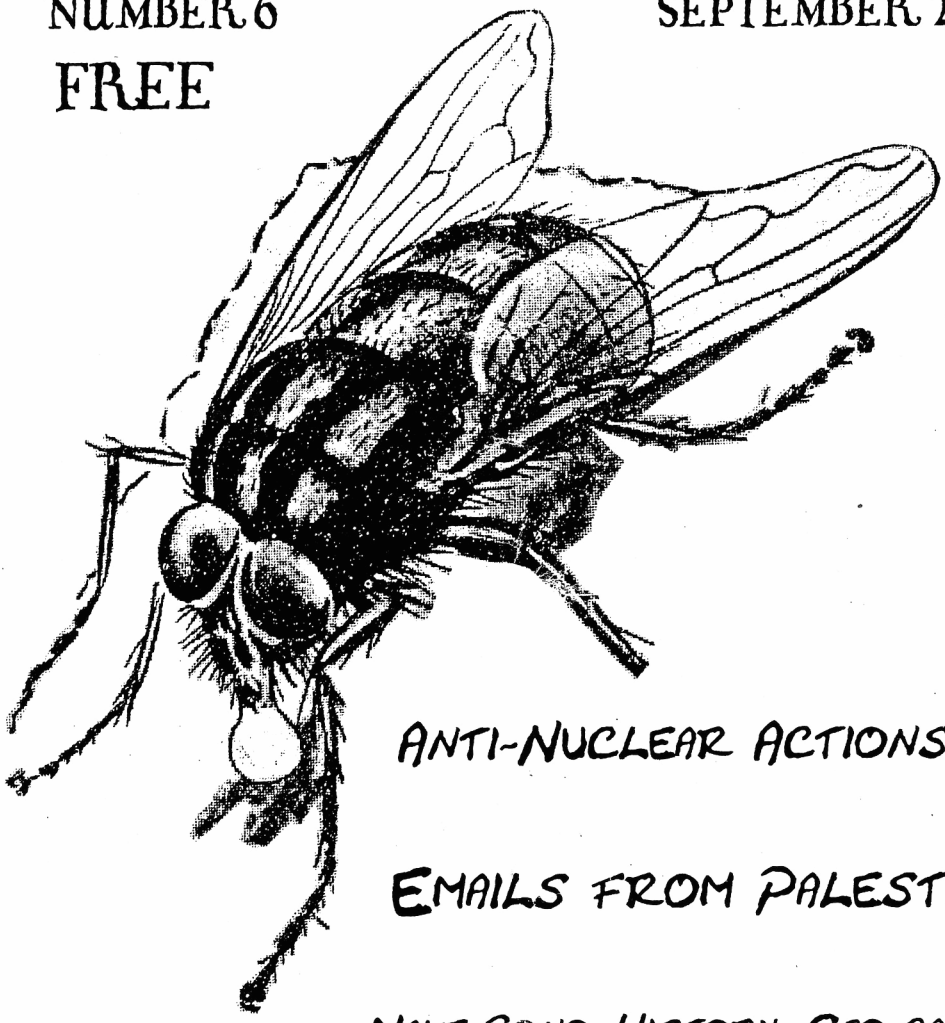


ANTI-NUCLEAR ACTIONS

EMAILS FROM PALESTINE

MAKE BONO HISTORY: G20 CALL

IN THE FUTURE, THERE WILL BE NO PAST

Mutiny issue six [September 2006]

Thanks to contributors & hosts.

(The Mutiny collective does not necessarily agree with all the opinions of contributors. Contributors do not necessarily agree with all the opinions of the mutiny collective. The mutiny collective certainly doesn't agree with all the opinions of the mutiny collective.)

Edited by Graf Cat, Angry Nerd, Marshall Cinque, Vikram & Princess Mob

Next issue in October. If you can help distribute the zine we love you. We also love letters, comments, contributions, pictures, comics etc. Send them to:

mutineers@graffiti.net
c/- PO Box 4, Enmore, 2042, NSW, Australia

UPCOMING FILMS AT JURA BOOKS:

Bandit Queen - 6pm, Sat 16th September
Bandit Queen is a powerful and controversial film about Phoolan Devi - a lower caste woman in India. Her early life was marked by a series of rapes and persecution, but she fought back and took up arms. She became a renowned dacoit gang leader and exacted revenge on the men who had attacked her. The film is both beautiful and fearlessly confronting.

Durruti in the Spanish Revolution - 6pm, Sat 30th September
Durruti was a key figure in the anarchist revolution in Spain in 1936. He was an eloquent communicator but also a strategic military coordinator. The film explores his life and ideas. "It is we the workers who built these palaces and cities here in Spain and in America and everywhere. We, the workers, can build others to take their place. And better ones! We are not the least afraid of ruins. We are going to inherit the earth; there is not the slightest doubt about that. The bourgeoisie might blast and ruin its own world before it leaves the stage of history. We carry a new world here, in our hearts. That world is growing this minute";

Films are $5 donation. Food and drinks available.

www.jura.org.au / Jura Books / Anarchist bookshop and community organising space

440 Parramatta Road / Petersham / 95509931

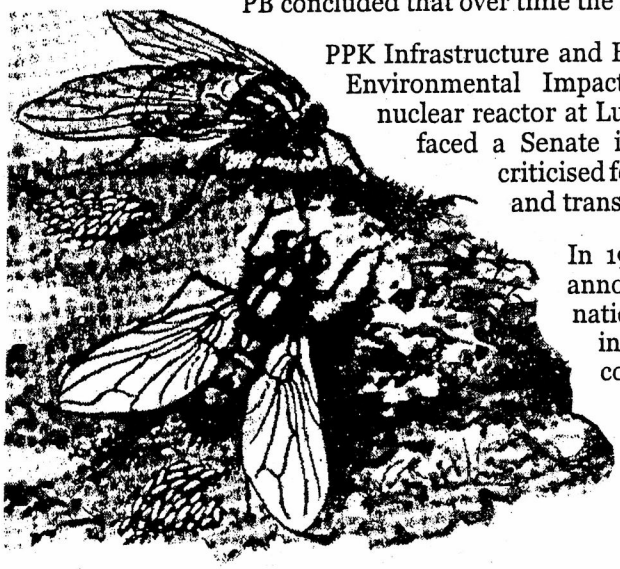
Parsons: on the Brink of Nuclear Disaster

Bandit Love from
Bek and Holly

Swirling gusts of toxic mist encircle the night. It is midnight on the vast outback plains of the Northern Territory, where all should be calm, but for the determined scampering of wildlife. A sinister tension fills the air, binding my chest like cord. A deafening nuclear silence betrays the PR whitewash; all is not safe here. Barbed wire barricades threateningly line the plain, an attempt to hide a deeper evil from view: a pathetic white man's attempt at enclosure. Maybe it's my eyes, but a faint emerald hue emanating from behind the barbed cage stains my vision and my heart psychosomatically quickens. This is the endpoint of the nuclear cycle.

Ignore the romanticisation and this is impending reality, express delivered by the Howard Government; aided and abetted by Parsons Brinckerhoff. The Federal Government is working hard to force a low and intermediate level nuclear waste dump for Commonwealth waste on the Northern Territory and PB (formerly in Australia PPK Infrastructure and Engineering) is the private company awarded the lucrative contract for assessing the proposed sites; the surveying processes have already begun. However communities surrounding all three of the sites being assessed – Hart's Range, Mt Everard, and Fishers' Ridge – remain strongly opposed to hosting a nuclear waste dump for the next few millenia. And with PB's radioactive Australian legacy, they are justifiably concerned.

In 2004 PB co-authored a report justifying acid in-situ leach mining in South Australia's Beverley mine, a process involving the dumping of liquid radioactive waste directly into groundwater. Acid in-situ leach mining has never been approved in the USA or many other countries because of its destructive environmental impacts, yet PB concluded that over time the site would rehabilitate itself!



PPK Infrastructure and Engineering authored the draft Environmental Impact Statement for the second nuclear reactor at Lucas Heights. The process later faced a Senate investigation, and was widely criticised for its lack of public involvement and transparency and overall secrecy.

In 1998, the Federal Government announced its intention to build a national radioactive waste dump in South Australia, and PB was contracted to complete the draft Environmental Impact Statement. The project was regarded as a Parsons Brinckerhoff (International) "Project of the Year". Yet

PB faced massive opposition, and after an amazing community campaign led by the Kupa Piti Kungka Tjuta – a senior Aboriginal women's council - the South Australian government challenged the proposal in the Federal Court, resulting in the discontinuation of the project.

And now Howard's NT nuclear nightmare. New Commonwealth legislation to override existing NT law and an absence of public consultation and information raised legitimate concerns the process will again be secretive and ignore social and environmental concerns. Nuclear waste is some of the most toxic material in the world, and will remain radioactive for thousands of years. There is still no safe way of storing nuclear waste. The proposed NT waste dump will be a toxic blight on Australia and a direct threat to humans and the environment for thousands of years to come.

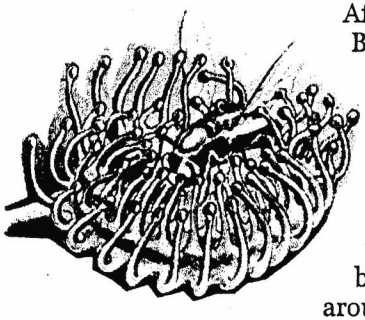
With PB's fingerprints on all stages of Australia's nuclear cycle – uranium mining, nuclear reactors and radioactive waste dumps – it is clear PB's impact on Australia is a highly radioactive one. Which is why activists Australia-wide held a national day of action against Parsons Brinckerhoff on August 30, occupying offices in Sydney, Newcastle, Brisbane, and Melbourne to disrupt business as usual, and stop any further attempts to force a nuclear waste dump on the Northern Territory.

In Melbourne, twenty activists occupied Parsons Brinckerhoff offices for an hour, speaking to staff and management about PB's role in expanding Australia's nuclear industry, before being removed by police.

In Sydney, fifteen students visited Parsons' Brinckerhoff Sydney Headquarters on George Street, armed to the teeth with hundreds of leaflets, radioactive waste barrels, and violinist playing mournful music. We wanted to deliver letters to Mark Dymmock and Geoff Shepherd, two high-up executive types in Parson's Sydney branch whose names we had found randomly on a website, and said we wouldn't leave until they gave us a response we were satisfied with. First, staff pretended they didn't work in the building, then claimed they were away for the day. Clearly they were bluffing so we calmly stood our ground, trying to engage with the staff about why we were there. We offered staff "yellowcake" we had baked specially for the occasion! After a while, Mark and Geoff popped up. Their response was typical: passing the buck of responsibility to other people in the corporation, saying we should be targeting the government because they are the people behind the project Parsons is now legitimately participating in. We held the space for another half hour and left. We also held a good debrief reflecting on the preparation for the action – more slowly creating a strong direct action network in Sydney, and a new phase of an anti-nuclear movement in Sydney.

In Newcastle, fifteen people marched up Parsons Brinckerhoff offices on Bolton Street, but they had locked the doors by the time we got to the 3rd floor. We slipped leaflets under the door, hung banners in their window and demanded they come out and talk to us. Faced with not much else to do, activists proceeded with green jelly fights, smearing goo across the office front. We finally got to speak to the Newcastle Branch manager and an environmental groundwater scientist spoke for ages about the ethics of corporations, the nuclear industry in Australia, Parsons Brinckerhoff's

involvement in this, and, in particular, the current contract that PB have with the federal government in surveying the sites for the proposed nuclear waste dump in the NT. Police made kids clean up the radioactive jelly waste.....



After an occupation by fifty people of Parsons Brinckerhoff **Brisbane offices** in July, including activists and Traditional Owners from proposed nuclear dump sites in the NT, a lock-on to the front door, a couple of arrests and national corporate media; the Parsons Brinckerhoff office and Queensland Police were ready for us this time. The lifts to the 24 storey building were closed most of the day, and between 20 and 40 police surrounded the building until 3pm. We didn't get in (damn!), but ran around the CBD for hours being chased by coppers, were threatened with arrest for holding a banner (apparently it's "illegal" in Queensland), and had one arrest.

We demanded the company end its involvement in the planned dump, a copy of the Community Consultation Plan for the nuclear dump - which PB would not provide, provide us with a copy of their community consultation guidelines, consult with communities to be affected by a national nuclear waste dump. It was randomly glorious – kids across the country occupying Parsons Brinckerhoff in radiation protection suits, scientist drag, green sludge-slinging wars, radioactive waste barrels love-ins and more.

Apparently crews occupying made a bunch of threats that this was the beginning of the campaign against Parsons Brinckerhoff – we had initially only imagined a couple of ratbag action visits to corporate HQs, but are happy to have ratbaggery blossom into something more useful. Parsons Brinckerhoff is a key player in the expansion of Australia's nuclear industry, collaborating with the Howard government to push ahead with new uranium mines, nuclear reactors and waste dumps in Australia. Yah, Parsons Brinckerhoff can't do the Federal Government's dirty work and get away with it.

P.S. We're really only interested in no nuclear campaigning for the bad puns – (People in the) Bush Condemns Howard's Nuclear Plan; Call the Honeymoon (mine) off; a host of puns around yellowcake being a 'crumby' idea; and the new horrendous NT pun: If you never, never go, you'll never, never glow. If you like bad puns too, give us a call on 0417 682 541.

Our friend Josie went to queeruption in Tel-Aviv & has been spending time in Palestine/Israel. She's been writing at http://eisoj.livejournal.com.

what it is to give? **[Sep. 2nd, 2006]**

So I had an experience of benevolence. It was full of conflict. Joyful, disturbing, ego-stroking, confusing, incomplete, temporary, a little scary..... I will stop there, supposing that not everyone will share my particular fondness for adjectives.

Yesterday myself and another international hired a car and drove a Palestinian friend and her two teenage daughters to Jaffa (the sister city of Tel Aviv, which has a large Palestinian-Israeli population) to the beach. It was illegal cos they did not have permission to leave the west bank and it would have been pretty bad to get caught, but we did not... The women took off their hijab before the 'border'....at the checkpoint into Israel the soldier just glanced at 2 white faces in the front and waved us on. A voice from the back of the car said "ha ha, we tricked you!"

It was weird to feel the sense of being benevolent, giving people something I can give because of my privilege. A very conflicting experience, thrown into relief before leaving because our friend asked could her littler daughter come too but an Israeli friend with an understanding of the experience of taking Palestinians from the West Bank to Israel said DO NOT overload the car, you can't give them any reason to stop you. So the younger daughter had to stay behind (she was the one staying cos she got taken by someone quite recently while her mother and sisters had not been to the sea for years) and she was bawling.....

so as to remind us that being able to give something is not a satisfactory state of affairs, because you have such power.... to whom do you give, how often and how much?? And to whom not at all?? The problem of charity lit up for me on micro scale.

But being in the sea with these 3 women who have not been in it for half of the youngest of their lives was amazing. They were like kids, with real appreciation of every detail of what they were experiencing. And also so unaccustomed to the behaviour of the sea... thrown about by the waves, too nervous to try to swim or float, grabbing onto me for support... but gradually beginning to understand and enjoy the dynamics of a human body in the sea.... After 2 hrs, while I was getting a bit sunburnt and low-blood-sugar-grumpy, picking irritably at my shriveled fingers, the two girls had to

almost be dragged out of the water so that we could go to eat.
The older daughter was quite unimpressed with Israel.... she said "why do these people want their country to look exactly like America?".... But both of them were delighted to see and talk to Arabic people inside Israel.
Swimming, especially in the sea, gives me a lot of joy, and I am extremely attached to the fact that I can do it unhindered... for this reason this particular form of assisting people to access something usually withheld from them, really hit home for me.
I am going back to Tel-Aviv today, like I can any day I want, but who knows when my friends will next cross into the occupier state, to enjoy the water and see up close what is made of what is stolen.

eat! [Aug. 28th, 2006]

So, this weekend we have been receiving a lot of the famous Palestinian hospitality. The weight I lost in Israel with the queers will return, I predict.
Yesterday we went with an amazing Israeli woman, aged 74, to visit several of her friends in local villages. She visits the west bank more than once a week and advocates for people when there are incidents with soldiers, settlers, arrests etc.
The first person we visited, in the village of Mas'ha, has had much of his land stolen by the route of the wall, and he now has to travel a large distance AROUND an area cut off by the wall, to reach the remaining part of his lands. He also had 100 dunums (1 dunum = 1000m2) of his olive trees burnt by settlers from one of the 3 nearby settlements.

stolen land [Aug. 29th, 2006]

Today some of the roadsigns in the Salfit district of the west bank received a facelift, so that they briefly told the truth. (Along the Israeli-built roads only the settlements have roadsigns, relics from an imagined future where Palestinian villages are not only obscured from view, but actually non-existent).

Our second visit was to a family who refused to leave their house, which was right where the village or Mas'ha meets the neighbouring settlement, and also right in the path of the wall. The neighbours used to get on ok, but relations cooled somewhat when the 2nd intifada started, and since then the settlers have been known to throw rocks at their windows. Even more grotesque than this is the fact that, as punishment for refusing to give up their home (or further 'incentive' to do so) Israel has constructed the wall all the

way AROUND the family's house. Between them and the rest of their village is a 10m high concrete wall (partially muralled on their side by visiting artists, until the army insisted they stop). Surrounding the house on the other 3 sides are wire fences with razor wire. A road runs alongside the house with gates each side, through which army vehicles pass frequently. The family have a key to the gate beside the concrete wall, so they can enter the village on foot and let guests in. But they are constantly scrutinized and the army drops in whenever it feels the need, especially if there are 'too many' visitors. Cruel and unusual anyone.....?

Our third visit (sugar and caffeine buzz getting quite intense by now) was to a family in Kifl Hares (our neighbouring village). They and some others from the village will pick their olives without permission from the IDF, [Israeli Defence Force] so IWPS [International Women's Peace Service: an international team of women based who provide international accompaniment to Palestinian civilians, document and nonviolently intervene in human rights abuses] and other orgs will accompany them to their land (what remains of it after ground was cleared last year, apparently to construct a new road next to the existing one..... our friend speculated that this will enable complete segregation of the two roads (apartheid), and probably prevent access for Palestinians to certain places).

Our last stop yesterday was a contrast. As we were in a yellow numberplated (Israeli) car, we drove through the settlement of Ari'el, one of the largest on the West Bank, current population approx. 25,000, still growing (illegally of course). This is the stampy footprint of occupation right on top of Palestine - European looking houses, lush irrigated parks, a swimming pool, public artworks. People moving here are heavily subsidised and can afford a far better standard of living than they could within Israel itself. Unlike the 'ideological' settlements where you must be approved by a local committee to move there, many of the people here were relatively impoverished, often recent immigrants, motivated by economics more than Zionist ideology. This is smart stuff by Israel's governmentt. Use the poor to displace the poor, while you send your children (with big fucking guns and hearts carefully filled with fear) to guard the places where they intersect.

It was so strange in Ari'el. A sort of suburban hell, but you could see how as long as you keep your eyes on the road when driving on the Israeli-only highways between Israel and the major settlements, and otherwise stayed in Ari'el, you might actually be able to not think too much about the other people living beside you, at the bottom of the hill down which you pour your sewage, or throw your rubbish, and the fact that their lands and trees and homes have been taken, their freedoms curtailed, their water resources co-opted, their movement restricted at every turn, their sons and daughters shot, arrested, harassed, all so that you can live in this place, and your government can use you to rid the country of one of its peoples.

SO eat up!

love to all, Josie.

Make Bono History

...A call for a conference from a Melbourne crew...

hey everyone, just floatin an idea...

There has been a general downturn, or at least a transformation, in radical left wing activism in Australia, marked by the big anti-war marches in 2003. There isn't the research available to be able to substantiate this with any empirical evidence, however this sentiment echoes inescapably around autonomous cliques. That the G20 is happening and seems to have generated relatively little momentum towards organising around it, seems to in an instance demonstrate something quite significant underway.

We are inviting anyone interested to join with us in an attempt at opening up a space for the few days prior to the G20, loosely along the lines of State of Emergency (http://stateofemergency.nomasters.org) or Subplot; a radical conference/convergence organising space in order to find some way of collectively exploring the reasons for these transformations in radical politics.

What was significant about the anti-globalisation rhetoric was that it created a movement by re-devising the terms in which all struggle takes place. In doing so it both allowed all activists to reconstitute themselves and their campaigns as part of a larger anti-capitalist struggle, and constituted a new generation of activists that conceive of themselves primarily as anti-capitalists, interconnected with a world-wide network of fellow travellers.

Within all of the prominent radical left wing and environmental 'campaigns' of the late 90s and early 2000s significant sections referred to themselves as "anti-capitalist" or "anti-corporate".

Yet all of the movements that constituted the 'movements of movements' seem to be undergoing some sort of decline or transformation.

It is this that we are wishing to explore in a collective and meaningful way.

Having said this though, what is really important is that this idea doesn't convert into a cynical complaints session leaving us all feeling depressed. To ensure that this doesn't happen, we need to think carefully about how we are going to frame the discussions in such a way that they can be inspiring and imaginative, as well as self reflexive and positively critical. One idea has been to issue a series of statements or 'provocations' in the lead up to the conference –similar to state of emergency- except specifically addressing particular struggles or campaigns, past and present, so as to concretize the discussion of 'mobilisation' rather than talking around some sort of vague or abstract notion.

Obviously this is only an idea in its embryonic stages, and the project will grow and change rapidly from here, reflecting the ideas of the collective that ends up sticking its teeth in.

The G20 is a meeting of the finance ministers & reserve bank governors from 20 of the world's largest economies & the heads of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund (IMF). It's taking place in Melbourne on November 18 & 19, & people will gather to challenge neoliberalism & capitalism. For more on the G20 see www.stopG20.org. For more on the conference, email us: mutineers@graffiti.net.

In The Future There Will Be No Past

Time is an extremely contentious issue within human existence. Our concept of its passage underpins the mechanisms that govern not only the hierarchy of social relationships, but also forms our conceptualisation of identity, individual thought and the human psyche. Time allows us to form a clear understanding of the events that comprise our lives and categorise them according to their relative chronology and importance. Our minds are relegated to positions determined by our perceptions of maturity and the generally accepted wisdom on the proper behaviour for whatever age group we find ourselves within. We are regulated and governed by a calendar crafted by those in positions of authority designed to keep us entrapped within outdated modes of operation. This is apparent in every aspect of so-called civilized society. Special occasions such as Easter and Christmas have been designated as the proper periods for the exchange of gifts and the sentiments they allegedly represent in order to manipulate the population into emptying their pockets and bolstering the economy whilst drawing individuals and sub-groupings together in a confluence of smug self satisfaction.

The ancient Greeks understood time very well indeed. Their creation myth tells the tale of Father Sky (Ouranos) mating with Mother Earth (Gaya) who in turn, gave birth to Time (Cronos). Time used his scythe to maim the sky, allowing the light we know as stars, sun and moon to bleed through, and sired the gods who claimed dominion over humanity, the ocean, agriculture and even death itself. It is our understanding of time that gives rise to human perception and enterprise. The subtext of this charming little parable is obvious for all to see in relation to humanities perception of the world that surrounds us. Without time, there can be no government, no agrikulture, no understanding of mortality, no social codes or norms.

The calendar determines society's movements, the clock directs people in their everyday actions in order to foster a sense of predictability & make social control easier. However, the annual calendar and the face of the clock are only portions of the method through which we are manipulated, coerced and sculpted into obedient drones. History itself is contingent upon time, and our widely accepted modern demarcation of humanity's chronology is simply a meaningless signifier of a long forgotten historical situation. The year 2006 is a case in point.

Two thousand and six years after what exactly?

Two thousand and six years after the birth of a mythological figure who is the centrepiece of one of the central planks in the social control apparatus. What exactly is the year 2006 worth when recorded human history stretches 8000 years prior to this date? Nothing.

Nothing at all.

For Christians, this point is the true beginning of history. The moment of their first inception into the consciousness of humanity. This is illustrative of the way in which history, precedent and context operate in relation to the governing of civilization. Everything that occurred before this point is relegated to a status of worthlessness. A collage of obscured detail, unworthy of closer examination. This is a direct result of a flawed concept of time held chiefly by Western Society, namely that there is a meta-narratological structure that directs history, the events which comprise it and our understanding of them. Judeo-Christianity and Western Liberalism

both possess, as a fundamental tenet that there is a beginning, middle, and end to the progress of the human story. Any fool can see this for the ridiculous garbage it is. Of course, as we are aware, time is cyclical and the defining attributes of human socialisation remain essentially unchanged even as they evolve and graft themselves to technological and philosophical advancements. The basic drives they are derived from are static and wholly recognisable in the pre-civilized state.

To perceive time in this fashion is to undertake a life where only the precise nature of the events that occur are of consequence, not when they occur or rather when they were supposed to have occurred. To live ones life in an ever-fluctuating present bestows one with freedom to manoeuvre within the social and emotional matrix we all must traverse. Free from the confines of our ideologically constructed history, (both personal and societal) we may redraft our understanding of perception and human operation.

Thus, through the oppression and the falsities of the Christian Church we have been bestowed with a tool which we may use to redraft our own histories; the concept of Year Zero. A historical circuit breaker enabling us to break free of the webbing of past narratives and craft something completely new.

In the future, Year Zero will not simply be our weapon, but an entire way of life. It will endow us with the ability to live life anew each day and purge ourselves of the toxic filth that mires humanity in the distant past,ensuring that it will possess no more significance than the bureaucratic records of long dead societies and civilizations.

It is essential that we understand history as a fluid expression of collective and individual memory. And as the past is in a constant process of fluctuating into the present, then all of history becomes a morass from which we may draw our influences, ideas and the components that form our individual and collective identities.

Time itself is a funny thing. Its passage is beholden to the laws of physics as demonstrated by the effect rendered upon it by black holes in deep space. Yet our understanding of it is a completely arbitrary concept. Whilst it is true that our pathetic planet takes a finite and objective amount of time to rotate round the sun, we are capable of dividing said amount into as many differing divisions as is mathematically possible. Imagine a sense of time with entirely new parameters. 6 hours in each day, 240 minutes in each hour, 10 months to the year. The face of humanity will alter with the face of the clock.

Year Zero must be attained once more. In order to fully alter society, we must end the ridiculous concept of years and place ourselves within the context of our own history. Desecration of the sacred ideal of time is the only way forward for our species, whether through revolutionary or evolutionary action. Break free from the taboo of abstract, objective history and its ideologically loaded chronology. Do not accept the passage of time as an inevitability, but rather as a tool of masters who would claim to be gods in order to govern our existence.

Welcome to Year Zero.

by Marshall Cinque

Brief News

Bangladesh

The government has given in and promised to abide by the six major demands of environmental protesters, following the first day of a nation-wide general strike. The strike was planned in response to last weeks brutal repression of anti-mine protests in which six demonstrators were killed and hundreds more were injured.

Paramilitary forces fired into a crowd of 30,000 people who tried to storm the local offices of Asia Energy, a London-based mining company that claims ownership to 570m tonnes of coal in Bangladesh's Phulbari district. Some of that coal happens to lie inconveniently underneath the homes and communities of 40,000 to 100,000 people.

The shootings incited days of rioting in which barricades stalled rail and vehicular traffic throughout the district and the homes of Asia Energy's officials were ransacked and torched. At least on police officer was killed during the violence.

As part of the agreement the government has promised enact a moratorium on open pit mining, build a monument at Phulbari in memory of the deceased and grant amnesty to all the demonstrators who broke the law during the protests.

Mexico

In late August the government shot up the control rooms of Channel 9 and Radio Caserolas, housed in the antenna building of the formerly state-run Corporation of Radio and Television of Oaxaca, on Fortin Hill. Its broadcasting facilities had been captured by the women caserola protesters on August 1, and guarding the antenna has been an ongoing necessity for the teacher-led social movement.

According to a press conference given by the Popular Assembly of the People of Oaxaca (APPO in its Spanish initials), "At 3:30 A.M. four vans of men attacked with high power weapons the people guarding the antenna of channel 9 and of radio 96.9, resulting in several wounded."

In retaliation the movement took over ten radio stations in Oaxaca.

USA

Bechtel loses contract

US war profiteer Bechtel-McCone-Parsons Corp. has had its US$50 million (approx. AUS$66 million) contract cancelled for its gross mismanagement in the Iraq 'reconstruction', as revealed by a US government audit. This will lead to a further expansion by the auditors to include the aggregated US$2.85 billion in Iraq contracts, with the possibility that Bechtel will lose the lot. The contract for Bechtel's Basra Children's Hospital Project, was recently cancelled, after running nearly US$90 million over budget and being more than a year and a half behind schedule. This mismanagement has also been seen in their slow, and sometimes even non-existent, reconstruction of electricity, water and sewage systems that has taken over three and a half years to finally exceed prewar levels.

Green Scare of Post 9/11 McCarthyism

During the periods between 7 December 2005 to 6 April 2006 fifteen US activists, one now dead from an apparent suicide whilst in custody, were arrested in a nationwide FBI 'anti-terrorism' witch hunt of radical environmentalists and animal liberationists. Codenamed 'Operation Backfire', these arrests were specifically targeting supporters and members of Earth Liberation Front and Animal Liberation Front. Charged with 65-counts of arson, destruction of property and conspiracy, many would, if found guilty face a minimum 30-year mandatory sentence and some might be longer than life sentences. Through the course of the court proceedings, it was revealed that agent provocateurs and illegal wiretaps conducted by the NSA (National Security Agency; the domestic counterpart to the CIA) were instrumental to the arrests. Defense lawyers are currently trying to acquire these wiretap transcripts.

Sasha Soldatow: 1947-2006

Sasha Soldatow was born in 1947 in Germany to Russian parents, and came to Australia two years later as a displaced person.

In 1972 Sasha moved to Sydney, attracted by its libertarian-anarchist culture. He joined with the Push- and, as he put it 'became involved with talking, arguing, drinking, demonstrating, squatting, sex, gay liberation, feminism, the abolition of all prisons, anarchism, performance, the problem of truth and taking his clothes off in public.' Unlike many more famous members of the Push, who flipped to the right or became part of the institutions, Sasha kept his idealism and stubborn political commitment throughout his life. He published a number of books and worked as a translator and subtitler for SBS TV.

In 1996 he collaborated on a book with Christos Tsialkos called *Jump Cuts: an autobiography*. It's a fantastic book, an intimate, passionate conversation. The feminist phrase 'the personal is political' runs through the dialogue as they write of history, ethics, love, sex, shitting, eating, death and survival.

Jump Cuts is sprinkled with personal stories of radical ratbag history. Going postering with the anti-prison group Women Behind Bars, which had the specific goal of getting individual people out of jail, 'people whose crimes were society's neglect'; putting on a one-night, one-man show at the Pram Factory a radical theatre co-operative; changing the chants of 'Ho Ho Ho Chi Min' at a rowdy but well behaved anti-Vietnam demo to 'Ho Ho Homosexual': as he recalls, 'it was probably the first occasion on which the word homosexual was used publicly on the streets of Melbourne. We weren't very well liked for this by the politically involved. We were thought to be a defilement of the true spirit of dissent.'

The spirit of dissent, a commitment to a broadly liberatory political vision and a lack of patience with those wanting to settle for something less are evident in Sasha's writing. In 1983 he wrote and self-published a pamphlet called *What is this Gay Community Shit?* after the police raided a sex-on-premises venue. As he explains in *Jump Cuts*, 'In that pamphlet I wrote that the emerging gay community was dismantling a whole history of radical political action. So-called community aspirations were taking over from the preceding debates of sexual politics, debates that involved both women and men attempting to renegotiate and reinvent the temperament of gender.'

It's this book, as much as other people's stories of meeting Sasha at an anarchist conference or somesuch that made me think I'd end up meeting him sometime: that, as a friend said, I'd run into him at a rally and we'd have a great conversation. People who met him say that he was a charmingly grumpy old man.

He died peacefully in hospital on August 30.

Princess Mob

REVIEWS

(album)
Gypsy Punks: Underdog World Strike
by Gogol Bordello

Gogol Bordello possess a very flamboyant and carnie sound that is both fun and silly – just how I like it! Their album is a transglobal fusion of punk with the music of the Eastern European Romany, dub, and Latin America. Notably, it is the fiddle and accordion that adds an extra layer that makes you just want to shake your booty.

Oh No's lyrics are exactly how we should live our lives, "Making merry out of nothing/Like in refugee camp/Oh yeah Oh no, it doesn't have to be so/It is possible any time anywhere/ Even without any dough". Yet my favourite song on the album is Start Wearing Purple as it's got a certain contagious quality that's both catchy and insane.

Dumpstered Twin

(book)
A Grammar of the Multitude
by Paulo Virno

A Grammar of the Multitude is only a short work, but it is also a very difficult and rewarding one. Virno is an Italian operismo/ autonomia/autonomist militant and author who like some other better known members of this tradition is bent on working out what is new and unique about our current period of capitalism (which he calls post-Fordism) and thus what the potentials for resisting it and creating free and other ways of living are. To summarise, his argument runs like this: firstly he argues that in the dawn of contemporary political theory there was a tussle between the concepts "the people" (with Hobbes in its corner...boo hiss) and "the multitude" (plucky Spinoza defending freedom...claps and cheers!). The concept of the people is a centripetal one – the Many come together to former a One that is represented by the state and sovereign (or party, or anarcho-syndicalist union, or collective for that matter). Whilst the multitude is a centrifugal one – there is a One at the centre holding things together but the multitude moves out into an unrepresentable diverse existence of freedom. Virno argues this is not only a better and liberating way of thinking of the Many, it is also a concept that helps us understand both how labour is composed today and the potentials that it holds. In short Virno argues that in post-Fordism there is a proliferation of different kinds of work we do, but what makes them productive for capitalism is that our combined collective, intellectual cultural and communicative abilities; the general intellect is put to work. On one hand this makes the old task of politics no longer work but through a disobedience that breaks the state's ability to operate and an exodus of the general intellect from wage-labour, new forms of non-state collective organization (which Virno calls Republic) may emerge. Its one of those books that once you wrestle through it, it gives you some excellent tools to start picking apart our prison and conspiring new forms of being and resisting. A must for chin scratchers and plotters alike.

Grumpy Cat

(film)
Paradise Now
directed by
Hany Abu-Assad

Filmed on location, *Paradise Now* is about two Palestinians called to carry out a suicide bombing in Tel Aviv. When things don't go as planned, Saïd (Kais Nashef) becomes lost,

and with a chest-full of explosives (rigged to be tamper-proof) he has time to contemplate his life and situation.

It is a very concise suspense of a different nature. As much outward looking with its observation of the Israeli Occupation as it is inward looking at the Palestinian people and their resistance, violence through the T word is not a preference but the result – it is, as one character says to the other, between 'bitterness now, or a bitterer future'.

The Checkpoint scene at the very start captures the humiliation – a young Palestinian woman, Suha (Lubna Azabal), although looking respectable, has her bag searched by a wary Israeli soldier whilst the other guard has his M-16 sights trained on her – 'all are potential terrorists, and therefore all are suspects' is the mentality ingrained into the Israeli army.

What makes the film most disconcerting, yet so beautiful, is the noticeable silence – so much is communicated, so much witnessed, and so many emotions are laid bare in the quietness of the film. As they say, the silence is deafening, and it is amazing!

Dumpstered Twin

(gig)
Mutiny, SC Trash, The Corps, Psychonanny and the Babyshakers

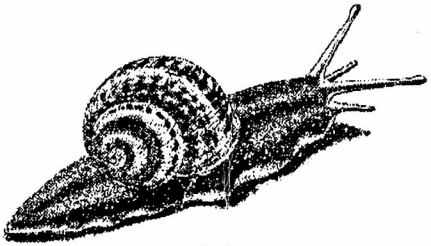
I don't know if I was just in a strangely bad mood or if it really was that so much about this gig seemed wrong. I'm leaning towards the second option because it had actually been a gig I'd been looking forward to for ages.

I'll start with the good first though. Psychonanny and the Baby Shakers were fun, with their country rhythms, jangly guitars and very cool cowboys-down-on-the-homestead stylin. I think there were some cool, political lyrics but I'm not definite because I was already distracted by this point... more later. Dancing to SC Trash was fun as always, and while I was too over it to dance by the time Mutiny played, their pirate-punk was awesome and it actually seemed like the majority of people dancing front and center were women.

But now for the bad. SC Trash might play fun music and their working-class redneck thing was ok in a quaint kind of way for a while but this night it got to the point of being really fucking grating and offensively sexist. This whole white-boy, unionist thing is boring. SC Trash, like the unions, express a politics that is no threat to the order of white Australia. In fact it's a fairly accurate representation of the mainstream in its sexism, homophobia and narratives that represent only the white working class and only in Australia. It's not a far step to One Nation-style racism: that those ethnics are stealing the jobs from good white workers.

So all this is too much race politics for a punk gig? It's kind of hard to avoid thinking about when nearly as soon as I arrive I'm confronted with a bunch of skinheads doing the look like-a-Nazi-thing to different degrees. I'm not white, not a punk and I don't know the dress codes of punk – white friends told me the skins tonight weren't Nazis/fascists. But even if I did I'm not getting close enough to some built, macho, possible Nazi to find out if they are or not. The skinhead/fascist look does have race implications precisely because it's this macho attempt to look threatening, the impact of which is mostly felt by non-white people who have to tense up whenever they see one. Remember, it's been less than a year since Cronulla. More than ever, white, anti-racist punks need to think about this shit.

Vikram



In this issue:

3 Holly & Bek report on Parsons Brinckerhoff corporation's role in the accelerating nuclear industry- & all kind of crazy actions at their offices across the country.

6 Josie sends emails from Palestine about going to the beach, picking olives and drinking coffee under occupation, & some street signs that briefly told a new truth.

9 Melbourne crew call for meetings & discussion before G20 protests.

10 Marshall Cinque reflects on time, capitalism & control.

12 Brief news from Bangladesh, Mexico & the USA.

13 A tribute to writer-activist Sasha Soldatow.

14 Reviews of Gogol Bordello, *A Grammar of the Multitude*, *Paradise Now*, SC Trash & Mutiny (the band).

Mutiny was started as a group interested in exploring different ways to resist war at home & abroad. It was formed by a group of people who didn't see the war on Iraq as an aberration in a system that is otherwise fair & good. Instead we see it as part of global systems of capitalist exploitation: systems that affect the lives of people all over the world, including our own lives.

We started a monthly zine to explore different avenues of resistance. We know there are lots of radical ideas out around & we want people to write about their experiences & opinions.

Mutiny meets regularly. Contact us if you're interested:

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